

Evening Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CHAS. H. LUDINGTON, President; JOHN C. MERRILL, Secretary and Treasurer; PHILIP B. COLLIER, JOHN H. WILLIAMS, Directors.
EDITORIAL BOARD:
CYRUS H. CURTIS, Chairman.
P. H. WHEATLEY, Executive Editor.
JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager.
Published daily at Press-Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR JULY WAS 82,384.
PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 1915.

A world with no rival enterprises and ambitious struggling upward; a world of eternal contentment in statu quo, would be a lotus land's dream of changeless rest and nothingness.

Another Bunco Game by Councils

DIRECTOR PORTER'S committee commends the work thus far accomplished toward making Holmesburg a model House of Correction, and advises many wise extensions in policy and organization. It recommends a dining room for the inmates in place of serving meals in the cells. It recommends running water and electric lights in the confinement quarters. It recommends the complete segregation of the women's department and many improvements therein. It recommends the exclusion of minors and the establishment of better medical and psychopathic care for the sick and feeble-minded inmates. And it recommends that Councils do its obvious duty by appropriating funds to carry out the law of 1913, which provides support for the dependent families of inmates.

How tiresome that phrase is getting: "By failing to make the necessary appropriation, Councils has—!" The trail of it is over phase after phase of public work. It is not merely a question of insufficient funds, of pitiable appropriations for playgrounds, hospitals, housing and police work. Here, as in many another case, it is the deliberate old trick of killing an act by providing no funds for its enforcement. Philadelphia has a law, a very fine law. But what earthly use is it, so long as the teeth are missing? Such conditions reach the height of the idiotic. They reflect on the mentality of lawmakers; they reflect on the mentality of lawmakers, and they reflect on the mentality of voters who let themselves be bunched year after year by such thimble-riggers.

The System Is Worth What It Costs

THE conference between the consumers and the Philadelphia Vegetable Growers' Association to discover who gets the difference between the wholesale and the retail price of vegetables will have little difficulty in learning all about it.

The consumer, says for the convenience of having his potatoes and peas and beans delivered at his kitchen door when he wants them and in as small quantities as the needs of his family require. The telephone company gets part of the money, because every green-grocer has to have a telephone for the convenience of his customers. It is easier to send the order by telephone than to go to the store. The clerk who takes the order over the phone gets some more of the money, and the other clerk who fills the order gets more and the delivery boy also has to be paid by the consumer, and he has to pay also for the upkeep of the horse and wagon or the automobile used in delivering the goods. The middleman, who supplies to the corner grocer, a large or small quantity of vegetables as he requires, also gets his share, and he is entitled to it. And so on, through the long chain of men that connects the farms with the kitchens, every man takes his toll.

And, after all, the consumer does not pay so much for his vegetables bought under the present system of distribution as they would cost him if he had to spend half a day going into the country to the producers to buy direct, if he counts his time as worth anything. We cannot have all the conveniences of the present system without paying for them. The majority of housekeepers think the conveniences are worth what they cost.

And if the producers should attempt to make their deliveries direct to the consumers, they would doubtless discover that they would have to charge about what the retailers now get and that their margin of profit would not vary much from the present figures.

Mexico Needs a College President

THAT "authoritative announcement" of the state of mind in which the Administration is approaching the Mexican problem leaves much to be desired. We are told that the real purpose of the revolution was accomplished a year ago when Huerta was overthrown and that the succeeding events have not been in reality revolution at all, but mere factional fights.

This being the whole question, Huerta was not overthrown by his opponents in Mexico, if he had been let alone by the United States he might still have been in power. Huerta was starved out by President Wilson, who decided that no man whose hands were tainted with murder should be allowed to remain at the head of the Mexican Government. The Mexicans have no such high standards. They are accustomed to summary executions and to the triumph of military dictators. And elections to them are merely a formal proceeding for registering the will of the men on top. There never was a real election while Diaz was president. Those who offered themselves as candidates in opposition usually found it convenient to leave the country before the voting. The purpose of a Mexican revolution is to seize the control of the government and not to oust some one who is in control. This is the spirit of it, and there is no use in trying to bring it. The sooner the Administration acts as if it understood this condition the sooner will it start on a straightforward policy.

If it were not for the confused thinking

revealed in the statement about the "real purpose of the revolution," it would be possible to regard more hopefully the last of the group of sentences explaining the Mexican situation, which declares that the first problem to be solved is to find for a provisional President a man who represents the cause of the original revolutionists against Huerta. As a matter of fact, the first problem to be solved is to find for provisional President a man with the will to restore order and the executive ability and military genius to make his will effective. It matters not whether he is in favor of Huerta or opposed to him, or whether he was in favor of Madro or supported one of the revolutionists who plotted the overthrow of the visionary weakling whose election every one who knew Mexico was confident would be followed by anarchy. Mexico needs just now the kind of a benevolent despot who sits in the President's chair in any one of the great American universities, a man with a firm hand and an iron will who will go about his work untroubled by any ructions in the faculty.

Pennsylvania's Labor Famine

THE glut in vegetables doesn't extend to labor. For the first time in a good many years there is literally more work than workers in the most important of Pennsylvania industries, mining, steel making and the metal trades in general. The vice president of the Carnegie Steel Company says: "The greatest labor famine industrial Pittsburgh has ever known is on its way." Where 300 men a day applied for jobs at Homestead a few months back, only 20 make application now, and the plant needs far more.

The Philadelphia office of the Federal Labor Bureau reports much the same situation in the metal trades herabouts. Early in the year the bureau received 200 applications from metal trade workers a day; now the average has dropped to 10. Any machinist can get work.

Such "war prosperity" does not seem as yet to have penetrated deep into many other industries, while even the metal working factories farther west are still waiting for war orders of the sort the East has drawn. Obviously the condition is local. Obviously every effort of organization is needed to relieve the stringent labor market here and benefit workers in other parts of the country. Just as obviously an institution like the Federal Labor Bureau is of extreme importance and utility in such circumstances. It cannot spread the property over other parts of the country and other industries, but it can bring the men in to fill the jobs that are waiting. It can relieve both the stringency here and conditions of unemployment in other sections and trades. Fidelity of labor is a prime necessity of modern industry. This is a good time to take steps to secure it.

A Footnote on Preparedness

IT is frankly impossible for any man to prove that an adequate navy and a thoroughly maintained army would keep this country out of war. It is just as impossible for the pacifist to deny that without these safeguards the country is at the mercy of the world, or of any part which finds itself both belligerent and prepared.

That being so, a comparison of values is necessary. The British naval appropriation for 1914, amounted to \$250,000,000. The estimated military expenditure of the German Empire for the corresponding time was \$300,000,000. These are the maximum appropriations of Europe. The singular and instructive thing about them is that together they represent the war cost to England alone of running the war for one month.

No. There is no guarantee that by spending as much, or ten times as much, this country would be kept at peace. But it is made clear in the gaunt and sinister fires of Europe's purgation that unless we spend freely now we shall be called upon to spend much and bitterly later on. If we refuse to prepare, we are none the less preparing—for disasters!

East Bows to the West

NO LONGER may the conservative East assert its athletic superiority over the progressive West. Twice this summer the two sections have measured their skill, speed and strength. And both times the West has won.

Last month we sent a team of our best tennis players to the Pacific coast only to see them slaughtered. Then, to show us that the result was not due to a fluke, the Westerners came East and are still engaged in the pleasant task of cleaning up our best track athletes we could collect to our best U. S. championships at San Francisco. The Middle West did likewise. Assuming that the population of the United States is evenly divided by a line drawn through Indiana, the Western half demonstrated its supremacy. Of the 19 events on the program the West furnished the winners in 11.

What does it mean? Simply this, that the Western universities and clubs are now getting the crop of athletes whose development started with the introduction of Eastern athletic methods into the Western public and private schools. Western hustle and courage have done the rest. It is now correct to say that westward the course of athletic supremacy takes its way.

How's your gold supply?

To sit or not to sit, that is the dilemma. Why do baby contests correspond with the "silly season"?

At any rate nobody can say the Russians aren't skilful retreaters.

Every tramp this summer is not necessarily a Belgian refugee.

A little piqued at the attention Warsaw got last week, Gorizia threatens to totter a bit.

"Complaints of mosquito nuisance stung city bureau to action." "Stung" is the word.

If "big navy" sentiment is growing in the West, then the country has learned a thing or two.

"Man accused of burglary said to have posed as honest workman." Did any one say "plumber"?

"Senator Lorimer's favor sought by Illinois candidate for office." It's in the newspapers, so it must be true.

RUSSIA'S HERO IS THE CZAR'S RIVAL

Grand Duke Nicholas the New Autocrat—Despite Reverses, He Is the One Man to Whom the Country Looks for Success.

By EDWARD R. BUSHNELL

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, commander-in-chief of the Russian forces, has put a respectable meaning into that old adage: He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day.

That seems to be the Grand Duke's carefully thought out plan of battle. He has been adhering to it faithfully. For almost an entire year he has been personally conducting the legions of the Czar back and forth across Poland and Galicia, and right now he is back at his original starting point. He has lost considerably more than a million men in the last twelve months, but then he has harassed Germany and Austria almost continually.

There is no leader on either front about whom as a man or a fighter there is more romance than the Grand Duke Nicholas.

In military genius he is considered the peer of them all. Indeed, if he had under him an army as well trained as that of Germany or France, a different tale might have been told of the operations on the Eastern front.

A Jovian Figure of a Man

Physically the Grand Duke is a commanding figure. He stands 6 feet 5 inches in height and is magnificently proportioned. Not only that, but artistry attribute to him the possession of perfect facial features.

The Grand Duke has achieved his greatness in the face of tremendous obstacles. His physical attractiveness and his mental capacity made him an object of envy to the rest of the royal family. Alexander III, then the Czar, could not abide the sight of this youthful Jove, his cousin, when he contrasted him with his own puny, dull-eyed sons. The kingly bearing of the Grand Duke was the more pronounced as he grew into young manhood, when statesmen and peasants instinctively bowed before his regal bearing.

Alexander III hampered the progress of Nicholas and limited his activities to the cavalry, and it did not make him feel any better when the Grand Duke made his cavalry force the best in Europe. It was not until the present war broke out that the Grand Duke had his chance. Authorities differ concerning the means by which he secured command. It is pretty well understood that Czar Nicholas himself wished to lead his troops as supreme commander. Whether he was forced by the situation to offer the post to Grand Duke Nicholas or whether, as is stated in some quarters, the Grand Duke arbitrarily took command himself, is not clear. At any rate, it is known that the Grand Duke at once issued manifestoes on his own authority to both the Jews and the Poles which the Czar was compelled to respect.

The New Autocrat

So cleverly has the Grand Duke, though handicapped by insufficient munitions, kept Germany and Austria engaged that his word is law in military matters. When the Czar is in Petrograd the Cabinet Council holds daily sittings with him. But the Czar is not supreme. The war party backs the Grand Duke almost to a man, and the Czar dares not obstruct their plans.

To Grand Duke Nicholas must be given credit for having once saved the Czar. At the close of the disastrous war with Japan the country seethed with revolution and anarchy. The Czar was ready to flee, but the Grand Duke took command of the army, started a long line of political prisoners on their way to Siberia and by his complete reorganization of the military system restored order and saved the Czar. But little gratitude was shown him by the Czar, who, once his own safety had been secured, stripped the Grand Duke of most of his authority.

There exists in Russia a feeling that the issue of this bloody war may result in the

POLA SINCE THE ANCIENT COLCHIANS

Austria's Naval Stronghold, Fortified on Modern Plans, Has a Varied History and Has Figured in Many Wars.

By ADALBERTO CAPOALE

THE city which is believed to have been founded by a party of Colchians who had started in search of Medea, the sorceress, daughter of the King and famous now through Euripides' well-known tragedy, is today the naval stronghold of Austria, on the Adriatic Sea—a base which many naval authorities deem impregnable—or comparatively so, if there are degrees of impregnability. Certainly Pola, which for more than half a century has been a menace to the Italian coasts on the Adriatic, is so strongly protected by a chain of powerful forts and by the Brioni Islands guarding the entrance to the bay, that the Italian fleet, the commander-in-chief of which is the daring Duke of Abruzzi, has not attempted to train its guns on the city, and it has not been attacked otherwise than by a dirigible belonging to the Italian navy.

The military value of Pola was recognized as early as the time of the reign of Augustus, when the Romans attacked the city because it had sided with the Republicans, conquered it and made of it a fortified port. For five centuries the city belonged to the Romans, and finally was annexed to the Byzantine empire. Belisarius used it as a base for his operations against the Goths who menaced Italy. Doge Morosini, of Venice, subjected Pola to the control of the republic in 1316, but 44 years later it was conquered by the Pisans, who held it only a short time, for Enrico Dandolo, new Doge of Venice, succeeded in taking it from the Pisans, only to be hurried later on by Jacopo Tiepolo after an unsuccessful rebellion.

After it had been the chief victim of the wars between the Venetians and the Genoese, at the beginning of the 18th century, Napoleon got possession of the Istrian peninsula by the treaty of Presburg, and sent a famous engineer, Beaupre-Beaupre, to select a bay in the Adriatic Sea which could be made a naval base. The engineer selected Pola, but his views were not accepted by Napoleon, and seven years later Austria occupied the peninsula

and began to fortify the splendid bay, which on account of its being inclosed almost like a lake and of offering only a narrow channel as entrance, and, furthermore, of being protected by the Brioni Islands, appeared as an ideal base of the Austrian navy, by which the Vienna Government had planned to hold the mastery of the Adriatic. The plan, however, was held in abeyance until 1856, when the work of building there a navy yard was begun. The fortress is therefore a comparatively modern one and has the advantage of being free of old and obsolete works on which to rely for defense. Later on Pola was connected to the interior of the peninsula and to Ljubljana and Trieste with two double-track railroads, and a shipyard was built there, giving work to nearly 10,000 men.

Such was the rapid development of Pola, following its transformation into a naval base, that its population, which in 1858 was 16,334, had increased in 1910 to 70,000 inhabitants. The interior of the bay is divided in two by a small island, the northern part being the commercial port and the southern half the navy yard. The defensive value of Pola is increased by the fact that the nearby coast cannot be easily approached, and therefore the landing of troops north or south of the fortress is utterly difficult, if not impossible. Pola really dominates the whole northern section of the Adriatic Sea, where, on the Italian side, Venice is able only to defend herself and not to serve as a base for offensive operations against the eastern shore. The Italian fleet, however, has hunkered the whole Austrian coast, and the Austrian warships are compelled to remain in their base, under cover of the powerful guns crowning the heights around Pola. Will they come out, as they did in 1866 under Admiral Treguboff, and give battle to the Duke of Abruzzi? Or will the Italian fleet, after overcoming the enemy's resistance on the Cezaro Plateau, invest the fortress from the land and the sea, and starve the Austrians?

No Friend of Western Culture

The Grand Duke is an intensely religious man and Slav to the core. He is one of the few men in Russia's official life who never became the slave of vodka or the ballet dancers. One of his ideals is that Russia shall not be contaminated with the ideals and manners of western Europe. He has always contended that Russia possessed a racial genius capable of developing without the aid of outside culture. This probably accounts for the popular impression that the Grand Duke is a reactionary.

The strategy of the Grand Duke has been the close study of military authorities. Considering the handicaps he had to overcome and the great superiority of the Teutons in munitions and military training, his performances are acknowledged to have been a tremendous success. It is true that he has lost an unheard-of number of men in killed, wounded and prisoners, but more marvelous yet is the manner in which he has carried on his daring invasions and still been able repeatedly to extricate his armies.

That neither Russia nor the Allies are cast down over the reverses on the eastern front is accounted for on the assumption that this sort of a campaign had been carefully planned. But it is a question whether or not the Russians are entirely pleased with the present situation. We were told by London during the first Russian invasion and the subsequent retreat that all this was being done to keep the Teutonic forces engaged in the East while the Allies drove the Germans back on the West. The Russians have done their part, but they can't see what advantage the Allies on the West have taken of their activity. It is a situation difficult enough to tax the patience of even the optimistic Russians.

THE CZAR IS A PROHIBITIONIST

The Trevelin, a Russian sect that preaches nothing but temperance, drew up a great petition, which, after ten weeks of the war and of enforced sobriety, was presented to the Czar, a petition for the prohibition of vodka, forever. It seemed preposterous to ask the Czar for complete prohibition in the face of Russia's tremendous war debts. The Czar had promised that no more vodka should be sold until the end of the war, and that promise had been greeted with great satisfaction. But the impossible happened. The Czar not only rejected the petition, but answered them in the significant sentence: "I had already decided on total prohibition before I read your petition."—Stephen Graham, in the World's Work.

HILLS

I never loved your plains— Your gentle valleys, Your drowsy country lanes And pleached alleys. I want my hills!—the trail That soorns the hollow— Up, up the ragged hale Where few will follow; Up, over wooded crest And mossy bowlder, With strong thigh, heaving chest, And awing shoulder. So let me hold my way, By nothing halted, Until, at close of day, I stand, exalted, High on my hills of dream— Dear hills that know me! And then, how fair will seem The lands below me! How pure, at vesper-time, The far bells chiming! God, give me hills to climb, And strength for climbing! —Arthur Guiterman, in Scribner's.

SIXTY THOUSAND WEEDS AND MORE

How to Get Along With Them in the Suburbs—They're a Good Deal Like Folks—Coaxing Crops With Song a Proposed Method of Agriculture.

By PERRY BALSAM

YOU need not venture far afield in agriculture to make the acquaintance of weeds. If you put a plant or start a window box a host of unwelcome little strangers will bob up to greet you. Adolphus Commuter, taking his first crack at gardening, begins to learn in the latter weeks of June that there is an amazing multitude of seeds and root growths in the soil that he did not put there. Generally, he just rolls up his sleeves and goes after them, remarking the while, "Occasionally he is a bit brah in his method of extirpation and up come his crops with the weeds. In the course of a decade or so he is able to discriminate with some small degree of skill.

There are oodles of weeds. Darwin never got the run of more than a fraction of them. In the course of centuries all the legions of botanists the world over have listed only about 30,000 of them. It is estimated that there are easily twice that number and more crosses and hybrids appearing all the time. Yes, the weed family is large and varied, and to many, pestiferous. You will never get along smoothly with them until you learn to deal with them philosophically. You will never get them all out, and if you should (by some miraculous method of manuring) you may count on a fresh host of them blowing over from your neighbor's garden.

Sweet-warbling birds will visit your premises, no matter how small or humble, bearing presents of more weeds. Rodents, canines and felines carry them to you. The balmy breezes of spring are as replete with them as they are crammed with microscopic and ultra-microscopic germs.

A Curious Oversight of Nature

Mean germs and mean weed seeds browse along in the air currents hand in hand. You inhale the weed seeds as you inhale the germs, but owing to a lack of sunlight and plant food and other benign essences in your midst you do not break out with a rash of mild nettles or prickly lettuce. It is a wonder that tramps do not sprout some of the hardy varieties of weeds, but there is no record of such an occurrence in the botanical archives, though I did read once of a hermit who grew a fuzzy coat of moss.

There are good and bad weeds, just as there are good and bad germs. As a matter of fact there are differences of opinion here and there as to just what weeds are. Some call them plants out of place, or butters-in among your pure breeds, whereas others just set their teeth and refer to them as cancerous pests. The common dandelion and ox-eyed daisy have a high place in the popular fancy because of their decorative qualities, but when they invade your lawn they are not so charming. Italians are extremely fond of dandelion greens, and you will see them going about in the springtime digging them up and filling canvas bags with them. I have a small lawn and invite all the dandelion lovers who come by to help themselves, but when they have filled their bags and gone on their way it seems that they have left a scandalous quantity of dandelions behind them.

Decorative Poison Ivy

Really the best thing to do in the case of weeds is to accept them as inevitable. There are human weeds just as there are weeds in plant life. If we can subdue our egotism sufficiently we can see pretty clearly that we are all weeds one way or another. We confine some of our more insidious weeds in prisons and our sociologists are forever trying to do something with the seed of these weeds. The whole theory of eugenics is based upon the theory of haphazard weed production. If we study each garden weed we pull up we need not strain the imagination to find some human analogy. There is the sprawling purslane, or pusley, which grows like a tangle of worms. "Mean as pusley" is a common simile in many farming communities, and there are few of us who have not in the course of years had some Neighbor Pusley.

When you get right down under the skin of it, weeds are a whole lot like folks. The

ARMOR FOR SOLDIERS

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Advocates Old Roman Uniform.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle writes in the London Times advocating the use of protective armor for soldiers attacking over open grounds. He says: "As a man faces the hostile rifle fire his forehead and heart are the only points presented which are certainly vital. The former would be protected by such a helmet as the French have evolved; the second should be covered by a curved plate of highly tempered steel, not more than a foot in diameter. With this simple light equipment the two centres of life are safe.

"A wound in the abdomen is no longer certain death, thanks to the advances of surgery, but a third curve of steel strapped across the ribs to the hip bones would afford protection. "But granting that individual life would be saved, this does not bear upon the capture of positions, since so many would fall wounded that the weight of the attack would be spent before the stormers reached the trenches. For this, armor which would give complete protection is needed, and since the weight of this is more than a man can readily carry, it must be pushed in front upon wheels. "I picture a great number of plates held together like the shields of the Romans, pushed by men who would crouch behind them.

"When one is disabled it can readily be dropped and the gap closed. Others could be fixed sideways upon wheels and used upon the flank of the advance to prevent retreating. "One 'toroise' would attract the concentrated fire of the artillery, but as each company or platoon forms its own, these numerous armor plates would rush with small loss over obstacles and so have some chance of reaching the enemy's line, not as an exhausted and pushed-in front party with its numbers intact."

IN PRAISE OF CROQUET

Croquet is, doubtless, a mid-Victorian game, and that is the worst that can be said of it. It is gentle, polite, unostentatious. The prim lady may participate without relaxing her dignity. The athletic and somewhat eccentric may manipulate the mallet with equal skill. It is a cut wearing, which kills time without killing into undue desperation. In these days croquet is a fool-proof game. Golf, with its long rapid "hikes," is popular tennis, large of arms, is highly commended. But croquet is scorned as mollycoddlish and effeminate.

In most things the escape from Victorian frumpiness and prudery and quaintness is a or resuscitated. For the head man or woman, who seeks wholesome and useful recreation, there is nothing better than a mild contest with the wickets under the open sky. It may be reminiscent of cricket, but it is none the less good. The best

percentage of thoroughbreds is small except in our own blinded estimation. By the estimate taken there are innumerable weeds that were produced for a good purpose. Even potpourri is decorative, and a field of wild mustard is a delight to the eye. If you have ever seen the fire-weed in the full glory of its purple raiment on the cleared hillside of northern Maine you have seen something that surpasses in beauty any and all the products of the hothouse. Springtime, early summer on the southwestern prairie bring a succession of magic carpets of flowers, every one of them the bloom of weeds. There is no more nourishing food of the soil for the fattening of cattle than the tallow-weed.

Going back a few eons, the entire mundane surface of things was blanketed with weeds. Mr. and Mrs. Troglodyte let their bloom their heads off, or occasionally rumpled down on their hands and knees and rummaged. If Mr. Troglodyte noticed that Mrs. T. was browsing on some choice morsel he asserted his manhood rights by tapping her on the head with a club and turning her to a coarser cover while he appropriated the tidbits. There are not so much as the crudest records on stone to indicate that Mrs. T. retaliated in kind or organized even an academic protest.

A Suggestion From the Hindoo

What we call plant life is just man's choice of weeds. For centuries he has been selecting varieties and breeding them up on the eugenic principles. Many intelligent, if not learned, farmers did this by rule of thumb, planting by the moon and observing certain superstitions of their ancestors. What we call the modern science of agriculture seeks to correct all this, to name and pedigree all things that grow, to nurture and comfort them and bring them along to the fullest fruition. A Hindoo scientist comes along and tells us to be kind to all things that grow, to coddle and pet them, and sing to them. If we display anger or annoyance they will droop and wither.

According to his theory if you sat down beside a milkweed and fiddled one of Chopin's serenades or a Beethoven symphony said weed would thrive mightily, would fairly kick up its heels with joy and produce a mighty foliage, and possibly a superlative bloom. If you have a blighted lemon tree, bring in a ragtime quartet and have it sing to it through the cool hours of the morning. The lemon, the orange and the grapefruit were all weed growths once, in the estimation of certain pomologists. The tomato was called the love apple and was regarded as a poisonous weed. All the cereals have been brought up from weeddom, and so far as we know no special blandishments were employed to coax them along. It will be a long time before we find all our farmers sitting on the fence singing up their crops, for if they could sing up their crops so could they sing up their weeds, and past experience will show that the weeds not only thrive without song, but despite persistent malice and the liberal use of a spring-tooth harrow.

But the subject of weeds is endless and can always be made fascinating. We can apply weed philosophies to every branch of human knowledge. We can immensely improve our understanding of plant life by a study of weeds; and as we get our weeds lined up and doped out we can apply the lessons learned to a study of folks. We hear that the great war is devouring the flower of Europe's youth and manhood, and by the same token innumerable human weeds must be included in the slaughter. Some hundreds of millions regard the Kaiser as the most vicious weed of the age, but the German hosts look upon him as the ultimate of thoroughbreds, the product of the most intensive system of culture the world has ever known. And so it goes. A weed is what you make of it. If you will cultivate more of the milk of human kindness and less of the acid of pessimism, you will find the weed problem a joyful rather than a distressing and hopeless subject.

The Victorians accomplished was in the way of mildness. A touch of mildness in these rushing times would be a definite benefit. When one is tired of reading or talking about the war, what could be a better contrast or refreshment than a game of croquet?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

General Hindenburg has done enough to give him a very respectable rank among the world's great soldiers.—Springfield Republican.

Fortunately, American mechanical genius is such that it will not be necessary to import from Europe any improved submarines that may be needed.—Washington Star.

Woman everywhere are taking more interest in aquatic accomplishments than ever before. Natatoriums and swimming schools are receiving unwonted patronage. It is now considered to be just as important to know how to swim as it is to know how to play tennis, dance or to run an automobile.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

As between the Government of England and the Government of the United States, the people of the United States are with their own Government, just as they are with their own Government where the difference is with the German Government.—Kansas City Star.

Now is the time for some constructive legislation—readjusting the laws on a more favorable basis for operation of a merchant marine under American traditions and business principles. Anything less will make Government ownership of Government subsidy all the more likely.—Chicago Tribune.

In the face of the court decision that Judge Lindsey is in contempt, the common verdict will be that he has on his side to sustain, commend and encourage him the principles of law, fidelity and honor, and if he should be required to serve a term in jail, the servitude will be his averting credit and will constitute a just lesson in teaching the boys in his court the sanctity of confidence and virtue of self-reliance.—Nashville Tennessean.

AMUSEMENTS

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
CHESTNUT AND TWELFTH STREETS
Gene Hodgkins & Mlle. Destrees
ADAPTED BY FREDERICK OBERSTRECHER
CHARLIE HOWARD & CO. "ORLANDO"
AUGUSTA GLOBE; HUNTING & FRANCIS
OTHER STAR FEATURES

THE Stanley
MARKET ST. ABOVE 10TH
11 A. M. TO 11 P. M.
ELSIE JANIS
"THE LADY"
Symphony Orchestra and Soloists

NIXON'S GRAND
LA REINE HALL & CO. W. W. LAIRD & HOND; E. D. WARD; HOWARD & CO.; CUMMINGS & H. L. ADAMS; LAMONT & CO.; CAVANAUGH. Fun Fun Fish Trocadero
POLE OF FINESTURE and Floriana